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Experience.

CHARLES L. O'DONNELL, '06.

OLD Honor and young Love
Fell out on the road one day;
"Farewell," gray Honor said
In scorn, "go thou thy way."

(Though Love with loitering steps
Scarce from the path would stray
To pick some dripping flowers
That mocked the dusty way.)

They parted: Honor strode
With stern sorrow on,
And Love turned toward the fields,
Swift-footed as the dawn.

But night came, void of stars,
And great dew shook down,
And hid were all the flowers
Where Love walked chill and lone.

(Yet Honor, wise of heart,
Had waited up the way
To take her to his side
At the white-dawned day.)

She came; on shaken lips
The whisper, "Pardon, pray;
Thou art the light and flower,
The dew; thou art the way."

Cromwell and his Policy.

JOHN C. MCGINN, '06.



Of the casual reader of history the state of unrest which settled over England during the reign of Henry the Eighth is well known. The awakening of the New Learning which had been previously introduced into England by Selling and Hadley, two Canterbury monks, and which was now eagerly taken up by the

University and scholar, had almost revolutionized the educational world. Henry with an insatiable greed for power had increased the public agitation by draining the state coffers, and by his prolonged attempts to free England both from the fear of France and from the odious dictation of Ferdinand. By his vain attempts to put Catherine aside and marry her bewitching ward, Anne Boleyn, Henry had aroused the clergy. The papacy, too, had declared in favor of Catherine. It is true, a plan was suggested whereby Henry's former marriage might be cancelled by an ecclesiastical commission within the realm, but this scheme proved a flat failure. The plan still remained, and it was destined to be proposed by one whose power, both personal and political, would enable him to carry out the policy in every detail.

Thomas Cromwell stands out prominent in the pages of history. Little is known of his birth or where he spent his first years. We find him at an early age employed as a trooper in Italy. In 1512 he had gained some prominence as a successful merchant in Middleborough. Before the year 1520 Cromwell had taken up the study of law and to it added the occupation of scrivener. Some time during the year 1525 he became a member of Parliament, but not until 1528, when he entered the service of England's great statesman, Wolsey, was his ambition definitely known.

Of an indefatigable and cunning disposition, Cromwell was just the man to carry on the unpopular work of suppressing the lesser monasteries and of transferring their revenues to Wolsey's foundations at Oxford and Ipswich. Beyond this no important work is attributed to Cromwell till after the fall of Wolsey. Out of the colossal ruins of England's great statesman rose the his-

torical Cromwell: the oppressor of England's greatest benefactor, the monastery; the advocater and promoter of Protestantism in England; in fine, the Cromwell who radically changed the face of Catholic England.

Cromwell, while in the employ of Wolsey, had gained admittance to the king's presence, and before long Henry recognized in him a useful though dangerous instrument. Is it any wonder then that we see Cromwell advanced as rapidly as propriety would allow? Hardly had he gained the king's confidence when he proposed a plan which needed for its success only Henry's co-operation. Though ever ready and willing to listen to one who gave promise of advancing his cause for divorce, yet Henry hesitated for a time to accept Cromwell's plan; this was nothing less than an uncompromising break with the papacy and the declaration of Henry's supremacy in ecclesiastical matters. Eventually the break came. Paul the Third had excommunicated Henry who had now married Anne Boleyn. Shortly after, in 1536, Cromwell was elevated to the office of Vicar-General, and, as such, was endowed with more absolute power than was ever before possessed by any of Henry's ministers. Now, in truth, he was prepared to carry on the work which has branded his character with infamy. Henry had yielded to the policy of Cromwell only when he saw how useless it was to try to intimidate the Pope.

The only check on royal absolutism lay in the wealth, the independent synods, the jurisdiction and religious claims of the Church. It now becomes necessary for the success of Cromwell's policy, which was ever emancipation from the yoke of the Church, to reduce the Church to a mere department of the State of which the king alone would be head. Though a year had passed since Wolsey's conviction for a supposed violation of the Statute of Provisors, and though the laity, who were held equally guilty with him, were discharged upon a payment of a small fine, nevertheless the clergy were held for a higher ransom. That Henry had granted the royal permission for Wolsey to act as he did no one will doubt. Cromwell, however, with his accustomed cunning, saw in this trumped up charge a grand opportunity to reduce the clergy to a state of vassalage. This he did by forcing them to acknowledge

Henry as their chief protector and the only supreme head of the Church and clergy in England.

Cromwell had laid the ax to the root. Bishops, abbots and priests were reduced to absolute dependence on the Crown. But he whose power was now supreme in secular as well as ecclesiastical matters, was not content to stop here. His work of destruction must go on. The monasteries, those grand institutions of the Church, which had done so much for England; which had civilized and Christianized her; which had made her one of the greatest seats of learning in the world—these monuments of antiquity were an eyesore to Cromwell, and they, too, must be done away with.

At his suggestion two royal commissioners were appointed to visit all monasteries with the sole purpose of collecting such evidence as would warrant their destruction. As a result of this iniquitous commission about two-thirds of the monastic institutions were dissolved and their revenues transferred to Henry. Cromwell had merely legalized robbery. Finally the Church was completely gagged by the placing of injunction after injunction upon her clergy. Bishops and priests alike were deprived of their benefices upon refusing to extol Henry and denounce the Pope.

So far Cromwell's policy was a success. He had established it upon a good foundation; it was now his duty to see that this foundation was not undermined. By a system of espionage he was informed on all that happened within and without the realm. No place was so secret as to exclude his vigilant informers. The least offence sent bishops, abbots and priests to the block, without a trial, without a chance to defend themselves. By his unrelenting attacks upon the Carthusians, the holiest and most renowned of English religious, Cromwell showed his hatred of the Church. Any voice of resentment coming from the baronage was immediately stifled by the condemnation of Lady Salisbury. Even the ranks of the New Learning were invaded and deprived of such men as Bishop Fisher and Sir Thomas More. A glance at the pages of history suffices to tell us the awful price that was paid for the success of Cromwell's policy.

Cromwell's reign of terror lasted almost five years. He had made many enemies who looked upon him as the destroyer of faith and of the rights of property. These men were soon to rejoice in his downfall. Like that of his predecessors, Cromwell's policy rested upon a future marriage of his master with Anne of Cleves. Cromwell hurried the king into this marriage. But this was only the first step in a plan which had for its end the destruction of the Church in a great part of Europe. Naturally his plans failed. As Henry's love for Anne waned his hatred of Cromwell, whom he blamed for his latest matrimonial trouble, increased. The nobles who had suffered under Cromwell did not hesitate to spring upon him with all the fury of their hoarded hate. On the morning of June 10, 1580, Cromwell was one of the most powerful persons in England; the evening saw him disgraced, a degraded prisoner of the towers. As he dealt with others so was he dealt with. Almost untried and certainly unheard in his own defence, by virtue of an act which he himself devised and obtained to rid himself of troublesome characters, he was condemned and hanged as a heretic and disturber of the faith which he himself had been instrumental in establishing. He died unwept for and unpitied; hated by all with whom he dealt. "He had plundered and murdered defenceless men and women; he had endeavored to rob the religious of their reputation as he had done of their property; he had deprived the people of their rights, and had seized upon the patrimony of the poor; he had deprived the sick and aged of their hospitals and places of refuge; he had driven monks and nuns from their cloisters to wander homeless in poverty and disgrace. But his day of reckoning came at last, and in merited ignominy his career closed."

A Mariner's Rhapsody.

I'll build me a hut in a southern land
Afar to the south in the southern seas.
I'll wed me there a fairy bride,
Woosed from the wings of a southern breeze.

I'll build me a hut on the shifting sands,
And queen of all shall my fairy be,
Of the wave-kissed walls of the little hut
And the sunlit sapphire sea. J. L. C.

Recognition.

FAREWELL, thou parting star
That wanderest afar
In heaven's blue;
Thy light hath guided me
Across a sterile sea
And kept me true.

T. E. B.

Victory or Defeat?

W. J. DUNNE.

Comfortably seated in his armchair, Reynolds, the star detective of the Pinkerton men, slowly puffed away at a cigar while he scanned the columns of the morning paper. For the last ten years his life had been a busy one. Case after case, difficulty after difficulty had been brought to him, but never had his ingenuity and shrewdness failed him. When others gave up in despair the chief of detective agency would say: "Well, get Reynolds," and then would quit worrying while he waited for his "star" to finish the work. Reynolds' continued success had gained for him a great reputation, and while it made him the idol of the younger detectives, it filled the hearts of the older ones with envy, and they hoped and prayed that Reynolds would one day meet defeat. But for a long time their prayer remained unanswered. Reynolds continued his work, increasing his fame, his friends and his foes. His name grew to be a terror to evil-doers. And to-day, as the detective sat alone recalling his past successes, he smiled as he thought of the awe and admiration with which the whole detective force regarded him. His musings were interrupted by the entrance of a messenger boy with orders from headquarters, bidding him report at once to Marion, a small town in northern Illinois, and there clear up the Fairbanks' robberies. These robberies had attracted a great deal of attention both because of a lack of anything important in criminal doings just at that time, and because of the failure of the local police and of two Pinkerton men who had been working on the case for some time.

Frank Fairbanks, a wealthy business man of Marion, had been robbed three times of

various sums amounting altogether to \$1600. In all three cases the money had been taken from secret drawers known only to the old man and his son Frank, then away at school in Chicago. The work had been done so neatly that not the slightest clue had as yet been found with which to identify the guilty party. Not a lock had been picked, the windows were found untouched and no marks of violence were discerned around the secret cabinets.

All this Reynolds discovered when he reached Marion, only a few hours' ride from Chicago. After spending some time with the local police he thoroughly examined the Fairbanks' home and the surrounding grounds. He then questioned the old man whether anyone knew of the secret places. Fairbanks assured him that he and his son were the only ones who knew anything about them. Frank, his son, was well acquainted with their whereabouts, but he had positively denied having told anyone about them. For two weeks Reynolds stayed at the house discovering little real evidence, yet becoming more and more certain of the thief. A few days before leaving Marion he found something which he thought might prove valuable. While examining one of the cabinets he caught his hand on a nail, and looking more closely he discovered a small piece of torn green suiting clinging to it.

With this, with a few bits of evidence and a whole lot of guesses Reynolds left Marion for Chicago. The daily papers had carefully followed his work. His every action was watched, and day by day came the same old story, "No New Developments," "Detective Reynolds still in the Dark." The younger detectives began to lose faith in their idol. Could he fail? The older men smiled and were happy, enviously happy, for never before had Reynolds been so long in the dark.

But all the time Reynolds was at the Fairbanks' home he was finding what he considered strong evidence; and strange to say as this grew and as his surmises became recognized facts he heartily wished it were otherwise. From the start he had taken a liking to old man Fairbanks, and the friendship so quickly formed ripened even quicker. The old man's winning character, his jovial

conversation and the love he was constantly evincing for his son, all combined in attracting Reynolds to him. Of the son, the man was never tired talking. Never was there such a boy. Successful in his past undertakings, he was now to crown all by graduating at the head of his class in Chicago. The father's one wish was that Frank would be an honest, God-fearing man, and this was the theme of all his letters. But much as the old man idolized his son, Reynolds saw from the boy's letters home that he was just as much wrapped up in his father. Seeing the mutual love which existed, and daily growing to like the old man more and more, Reynolds often thought to himself: "What if my surmises are true; what if the son is guilty? It will break the old man's heart."

Arrived in Chicago Reynolds betook himself at once to young Fairbanks' boarding house, but was told by one of the latter's companions that Frank was not at home. Again the following day he called and again no Frank; but as he was going downstairs the landlady said: "I think Mr. Fairbanks has gone to the races; I know he goes most every afternoon. Fearing for the worst the detective boarded a train for the race track, and after half an hour's hard work he was able with the aid of one of Fairbanks' photographs to discover his man. He was at one of the bookmakers' stands playing heavily, and, what was more, playing sums which the detective knew he had not honestly received from home. All his suspicions confirmed, the detective eagerly awaited the coming of the morrow when he again visited the boarding-house determined to see Frank Fairbanks. While awaiting his arrival the detective surveyed the contents of the room, and discovered hanging in a corner a coat made of dark green cloth. Instinctively he put his hand to his pocket, drew forth the torn piece of suiting and in a twinkling was examining the coat. He raised one sleeve, and there near the wristband was a small tear neatly sewed up and patched. With an exclamation half of joy and half of sorrow he let the sleeve fall. All was clear; he knew his man.

At that moment a step was heard, and Frank Fairbanks, young and vigorous, with a bright smile on his face entered the

room. Bidding the detective a hearty welcome he apologized for having so often disappointed him.

"Make yourself right at home," he said, "for father has been telling me of his latest friend, the detective, and," he added, "whoever is father's friend is mine." Then followed some discussion of the robberies, and Fairbanks changed the subject, talking on anything and everything but the business for which the detective came. Try as he would Reynolds could not come to the point and tell the young man what he knew. The latter's youth, his enthusiasm, his bright future, and besides the thought of the loving old father whose heart would break if he knew the truth—all these reasons forced the detective to remain silent.

But then there was his reputation. He could see the morning papers filled with news of his defeat, of his failure; he could see his fellow-detectives greeting him with sarcastic smiles. Surely he shouldn't confess defeat when victory was his and only waited for him to claim her. What would he do? He rose to his feet. The dim light falling on the young man's face showed the clear-cut refined features of the Fairbanks. The deep-set eyes, the coal-black hair were exactly like the father's, and Reynolds felt himself strangely drawn to this lad who was his father's all and yet who was a—Reynolds stepped to the door, turned again and took the young man's hand in his.

"Fairbanks," he said in a stern yet forgiving voice, "Fairbanks, there's an evening train to Marion, isn't there?" Though it was dusk Reynolds could see the lad flush up and then turn deathly pale. "Yes, Fairbanks, there's an evening train to Marion and a return train in the morning. I know it all. Now, my boy, here's a word of advice," and he gripped the lad's hand, "don't play the races, understand? You've got too good a father and you're too good a lad. Now, Frank, it all depends on you."

The morning papers came out with flaring headlines which told of "Reynolds Baffled," "Gives up Robbery Case in Disgust," "Defeat at Last." And as Reynolds pushed back in his armchair he smiled grimly at the news, and drawing from his pocket a tiny bit of dark green cloth he tossed it into the open grate.

The Dewdrop.

ALONE I stood one August day
Amidst the hush of mountain height
Reviewing Nature's calm display,
When suddenly I saw a light
As pure and strong as sparkling ray
That gleams from diamonds in the night.

I marvelled at its brilliancy,
And going from the mountain top
Discovered most surprisingly
'Twas sunbeams in a clear dewdrop.

If drops of dew become so bright
When folded in the sun's embrace,
Will not our souls seem made of light
Before their Maker face to face?

W. C. O'B.

Oliver Goldsmith.

HENRY M. KEMPER, '05.

(CONTINUED.)

Goldsmith's estimation of romance is both friendly and adverse. In a letter to Henry he cautions him "above all things" not to leave his son "touch a romance or novel; (for they) paint beauty in colors more charming than nature, and describe happiness that man never tastes." Whereas, in his own novel, Olivia is told "that books were sweet, unrepublishing companions to the miserable, and if they could not bring us to enjoy life, they would at least teach us to endure it." What Goldsmith objects to in novels, and even more so in dramas, is the type that then prevailed. They were void of nature and humor, and these the poet, despite a formidable opposition, sought to give their due place in literary productions. In the delineation of character he is not so successful. In fact, the Vicar, who is the embodiment of sympathy, generosity and optimism, is the only real creation. His family and associations are vulgar, improbable and inconsistent. Mrs. Primrose is a designing, selfish mother. Her sons, Dick and Bill, aged three and four respectively, are wonderfully precocious in that they read stories and recite poetry for the entertainment of their parents; and being themselves unmoved by their sister's reported death, they succeed in consoling their father. The latter half of the novel is a poor

compliment to what preceded. In the first part, as Irving says, we have "the sweetness of pastoral poetry and the vivacity of comedy;" but the second half is a medley of complications that baffle the author's solution. The last chapter, in particular, could well have been omitted. In this appendant conclusion the artful Jenkinson—whose only courtship was an annual deception practised upon Solomon Flamborough—is married to the latter's daughter; the bankrupt merchant turns philanthropist and the licentious squire, than whom there was no more hardened debauchee, becomes converted for no conceivable reason other than the author's fanciful afterthought.

In this romance Goldsmith pays little regard to time. Moses is sixteen at the outset of the novel and remains so until its conclusion, although the interval has added a year to the age of all the other persons excepting George, who absents himself for a space of three years. Considered in itself, the story reads like an incredible, incoherent account of a modern Job and a wooing incognito. Though the diction of the novel is always smooth, its structure is often labored. Goldsmith believed what he put in the mouth of Moses, that all strength in the pathetic depends upon the artful management of contrast. He employs this figure repeatedly, and not seldom to good effect, in arousing humor—e. g., the Vicar's conversation with Mrs. Symonds. His studied introduction of pathos is well exemplified in the twentieth chapter, where the Vicar no sooner reads his son's cheerful letter than he sees George before him laden with chains and besmeared with blood. Or, to cite another instance, Bill has scarcely concluded his humorous "Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog" when Dick enters to report the rape of Olivia.

With regard to the elegy just mentioned, it might not be inappropriate to refer briefly to a whimsical accusation brought forth by Father Prout. This mischievous wit chuckles over a resemblance he has found between Goldsmith's poem and an old French song which he entitles "De la Monnoye." Insignificant as the likeness is, he proceeds to extend it to Goldsmith's "Panegyric on Mrs. Mary Blaize." The idle accuser would have done better by

pointing out Goldsmith's reduplication of the latter poem in his stanzas on the "Death of the Right Hon. * * *

When Goldsmith set out to write the mirth-abounding "Vicar of Wakefield" he was fully aware that he combated popular sentiment, and therefore took occasion in several places of his novel not only to defend his position, but also to prepare the public for a still droller work he had in view. Thus, in the dialogue between the Vicar and the strolling player, he has the latter say: "The public think nothing about dialect, or humor, or character, for that is none of their business.... It is not the composition of the piece, but the number of starts and attitudes that may be introduced into it, that elicits applause. I have known a piece with not one jest in the whole shrugged into popularity, and another saved by the poet's throwing in a fit of the gripes. No, sir, the works of Congreve and Farquhar have too much wit in them for the present; our modern dialect is much more natural." What Goldsmith satirizes here, as well as in his "Inquiry" and his "Life of Parnell," is more the revival of Elizabethan diction than the reflowering of its dramas. In this restoration Garrick was a conspicuous leader, driven on by popular craze for the old. Simultaneous with this movement was a reaction against gayety in all customs of society and all productions of literature. On the stage, the sentimental comedy (*la comédie larmoyante*) introduced by Steele, took undisputed possession. If the features of any occupant in the pit corrugated into the semblance of a smile the production was stigmatized as vulgar. Goldsmith deplores this extreme delicacy of the public taste, and pleads for the employment of comical elements in a comedy.

The poet always had a temptation to turn playwright. In his Fleet Street days he had begun a tragedy, but never completed it. Later, in his "Inquiry," he laments that to get "a play on, even in three or four years, is a privilege reserved only for the happy few who have the art of courting the manager as well as the Muse." His own experience substantiates this statement. His relations at this time with Garrick were ruptured, on account of his attack upon the player's management of Drury Lane. Sir

Reynolds, the friendly peacemaker, effected a meeting between poet and player that the latter might pass his judgment upon the manuscript of the "Good-Natured Man." Though the actor may have been convinced of its merits and would have accepted it with a little coaxing, the author believed that a work of mutual interest demanded condescension from the one as little as from the other. Garrick condemned the rôle of Lofty as too much of a detraction; but Goldsmith preferred to please his audience rather than bind himself to dramatic unities. Not coming to any agreement, Garrick suggested that the manuscript be submitted to the Poet-laureate, Mr. Whitehead. This proposal so roused Goldsmith's indignation that he transferred the copy to the hands of George Colman, manager of Covent Garden, a rival play-house. With this exchange matters were far from improved. The actor staged Kelly's "False Delicacy" and created a sensational run at Drury Lane. "False Delicacy," now sunken in merited oblivion, was the model of *genteel* comedies and so popular that over ten thousand copies were sold within a single season. This extraordinary attraction made Goldsmith's opening night, January 29, 1768, an inauspicious one. Nevertheless, he expressed himself satisfied with the reception he met with. The proceeds of the "author's" three nights amounted to £400, and the sale of the play brought an additional £100.

On the first performance of the drama the hissing of pit and critics at the bailiff scene, which to-day is regarded the choicest morsel in the comedy, obliged Goldsmith to omit it in the later productions. In the subsequent scene the good-will of the audience was restored by Shuter's impersonation of Croaker. After the performance Goldsmith heartily thanked this actor and stated he had so far exceeded his own conception of the character that it appeared to him almost as original as to any of the spectators. The new play was too funny to be wholly successful. It abounds in keen remarks on men and matters, but is deficient in stage effect. The opening passages have not the bright humor and confident vivacity that is apparent in Goldsmith's later drama. Young Honeywood is drawn by others instead of describing himself; and while his character

is delineated from without inward, there emanates nothing of the true personality. Johnson, who wrote the Prologue, declared that he had seen nothing so original as Croaker on the stage for a long time. Goldsmith replied by acknowledging his indebtedness for the conception of this character to the Doctor's Suspirius in "The Rambler."

Remunerative as his theatrical labor was Goldsmith soon impoverished himself by expending the proceeds on his chambers at the Temple. His obstinate, self-inflicted poverty was serviceable in so far as it kept his pen continually employed, though for the most part in miscellaneous effusions that are more to be regretted than praised. From this generality his lives of "Lord Bolingbroke" and "Dr. Parnell" must be excepted.

In the midst of this mediocrity Goldsmith never lost sight of the obligation he owed his poetic genius to "strike for honest fame." In this effort he turned his attention to his pet idea, the dangers of luxury and commerce. Mr. Cooke, his neighbor in the Temple, bears witness that the poet carefully jotted down his fugitive thoughts before proceeding to versify them, and if he composed as many as ten lines a day he felt repayed for his exertion. On May 26, 1770, after repeated announcements and as many withdrawals for further revision, "The Deserted Village" issued from the press. Its success was immediate, for all Goldsmith now wrote was read with avidity. Before the year closed six editions had been printed by Mr. Griffin, to whom the poet is said to have returned his £100 fearing that the price was too exorbitant for any purchaser; but the proceeds of the sale fully warranted the publisher in refunding the money.

It is true that "The Deserted Village" professes a mistaken theory of political economy; but let us not forget that the greatest of didactic poems is an exposition of the wildest of all philosophical systems. Goldsmith falsely supposed that trade was luxury, and that trade depopulated England. The very existence of large commercial centres refutes the assertion that industry decreases rather than increases the number of citizens. The poet, foreboding the storm of opposition his theory would raise, gives

for answer in his dedication to Sir Reynolds, that it is his sincere belief and the result of many years' observation. He was less at fault in deploring the monopolization of land by the few and the subsequent disregard for agriculture by the many. In this particular Goldsmith applies to commerce what More had ascribed to sheep-raising, and in the denunciation of luxury he and Sir Thomas agree. It is the poet's heartfelt sympathy for the ejected peasants, and his genuine sorrow for the decay of scenes he so highly prized, which give the poem its force, its beauty and its unequalled popularity.

(CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.)

Cleopatra.

WILLIAM F. CUNNINGHAM, '07.

(Horace, Ode xxxvii.)

COMRADES! now for the wine, this is our chance
To merry trip in the festive dance.
'Tis time to spread for the gods their feasts
Of dainties fit for Salian priests.

Till now 'twas esteemed the greatest of faults
To take the wine from ancestral vaults
So long as the queen with her infamous band
Polluted by vice was preparing to land

Destruction high on the Capitol hill
And with dismal ruins the empire fill;
Quite fickle enough to hope for such things
When drunk with the dreams which prosperity brings.

But scarcely a ship was saved from the flames
To abate her wrath which Cæsar tames
By bringing her mad and uncaring mind
To know true fears when close behind.

He follows her fleeing from Italy's shore
In hot pursuit with sail and with oar
As a wild hawk the dove or a hunter the hare
Pursues o'er Hæmonia's snows to its lair.

He seeks then to cast this monster in chains,
But a far nobler death has place in her aims.
To unknown ports she scorns to steer—
The drawn sword to her brings no womanish fear.

Her palace in ruins she dares to behold
With a face unmoved; her defeat makes her bold,
And a poisonous viper she takes in her grasp,
Submitting herself to the sting of an asp.

Intent upon death more courageous she grows;
No low-minded woman her confidence shows.
In Titurian's triumphs she scorns to be seen
As a captive of war,—she will die still a queen.

At Browne's Masquerade.

EDWARD F. O'FLYNN, '07.

There was nothing very remarkable about him. He was just an ordinary man, as good-looking as any man cares to be, and possessed of a physique that most ordinary men could develop. Why he became a reporter he never stopped to think. It was the first thing that offered itself when he left college, and being somewhat adapted to the work he took it. A "scribe's" salary would hardly justify a man's dining at Whatley's; but young Walker didn't care, and besides what are wages when a man's twenty-five and has ambition,—“ambition that spurs men to struggle with destiny,” he had read somewhere. Yes, he had ambition, and he would own the *Standard* some day, so he thought. How he did later realize that thought is another story.

As he arose from the table he saw Benton and Jergens enter. He recognized them and passed out.

“That's the fellow,” said Benton as they were seated.

“Not a bad-looking sort of a man,” replied the other.

“That's it, at least she doesn't think so, and there's the trouble. She met him last year at Clark's Halloween party, and what success he's had since you've probably heard. Anyhow, he's going with her to Browne's masquerade.

“Hard luck, Benton; but what do you propose to do?”

“Tell you after supper.”

And so it happened that ten o'clock found them at “Frieds” on Broadway.

“Nice night, Jule,” Benton addressed the chubby proprietor of Frieds' cigar store, “seen my friend Jergens to-night?”

“Why yes,” answered Julius, “out there by the Indian;” and sure enough there was Jergens leaning up against the wooden warrior which silently told passers-by that here was a cigar store.

“Have a cigar, Jim?” Jergens “lit-up.”

“Well, about that bit of business, what are your plans?” asked Jim.

“Very simple,” responded the other, “a little carefulness and it's easy money.

To-morrow night is Browne's party. You're going and so am I. I haven't got things quite fixed yet. I'll see you there," and a little later they parted.

Next night occurred the event of the season. There were real courtiers and "fakes" in lace and velvet, with long capes and silver buckled slippers—most feminine indeed; there were numbers of counts and dukes who looked very well, besides countless jolly dominoes and foolish clowns. But the tall Indian, graceful and symmetrical (the more so because of his barbaric garb) was the best. Among the ladies, and there were countless pretty ones, the "colonial girl" was Queen. It was easily known whom she was (for everyone knew Beth Russell, a "real Christie girl," whose bluish-violet eyes were swept by long jet lashes, whose graceful, ladylike carriage only made her the more attractive (because of its almost boyishness), and whose very self was happiness and gayety. No wonder Benton had forgotten himself—and determined to do so—and become enraged at the "night-scribe" who had escorted her to Browne's masquerade.

It was the sixth dance, and "Romeo" stood talking to "Cœur de Lion."

"At the cigar store," said Romeo, "as he comes from work to-morrow night."

"All right, we'll fix the Indian," suggested Cœur de Lion as they parted. The "colonial girl" who sat near by grew nervous, yes, now she knew. Her real colonial blood fairly boiled through indignant veins.

"Get him to-morrow night," she repeated to herself; "will they? not when Beth Russell knows, and straightway she told the big Indian all.

Now Walker wasn't a coward. Stanford's line could testify to that, as time after time the big full-back tore through and relegated ambitious aspirants to the side lines for repairs, but he didn't go to work next night.

"Another masquerade?" asked the "old man."

"No," replied the "night scribe," "just a little important business," and he left the office.

It was two a. m. when Jergens and Benton met at the cigar store.

"Well, I wonder why he doesn't come," Benton broke the silence.

"Do you know, Jim," finally resumed Benton, "I didn't like to ask you into this thing, but you know two's better than one, and I want to do the pup-up right."

"Oh! that's all right," assured Jergens.

"You know, Jim, it's not altogether on account of losing her, but—well—I—hate him on general principles. Wonder what she'll think when she sees her 'brave' done up so neatly, I'll bet she'll—but here he comes, Jim, get ready." They waited in the shadow, and a man hurried toward them.

"That's not he," said Benton deathly white—Benton wasn't a professional at waylaying.

"Nope, wonder if he'll come at all?" asked Jergens. "But say, Jack," he continued, and peering down the street, "the fellow's coming back."

The man passed them. "Only a cab-driver," Benton said very much relieved. The clock struck three, they were getting tired.

"I guess he's 'ditched' us," said Jergens as they rested against the grim old wooden warrior who silently told that cigars were sold inside.

A moment passed and neither spoke, then suddenly the rockets exploded and golden shooting stars spread themselves over the blacky-darkness. There was an awful thud, some cracking punctuated by imprecations which gradually died away into groans, a form fell across the sidewalk, its head lapping into the gutter. Then some more cuffing, and a man with a club fell over the form. The two lay quite still, while the little stream in the gutter trickled and murmured fed by the blood which issued silently and copiously from the waylayers.

"Wonder what she'd say if she saw my two 'braves' now," some one remarked. Then the cabman came and the two were tumbled in.

An hour later they awoke in Walker's apartments. He looked at them and laughed, and they opening their eyes perceived the Indian of Browne's masquerade standing over them. Next day with many apologies Walker returned to Frieds' place the "wooden warrior advertiser," for the one that the tired highwaymen rested against was of flesh—the prize-winner at Browne's masquerade.

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—Just at present the chief executive of this country is engaged in an extensive trip through the South. Everywhere he is received with the enthusiasm and honor which is his due, and on all sides the people give evidence that they realize who and what he is. Comment of the press is general on the passing of sectionalism and the tightening of the bonds of union between the North and the South. It will be remembered during Mr. McKinley's southern trip that he was deservedly praised because his personal influence went far towards bringing about the change in sentiment of the South toward the North.

When Mr. Roosevelt became President after Mr. McKinley's unfortunate death, he too was welcomed by the South. But a severe check to the growth of friendly feelings soon came when the President gave Mr. Booker T. Washington, a negro, a distinct recognition by dining with him at the White House. The race question flamed up furiously; for the people of the South are extremely sensitive to the idea of social equality between whites and negroes. This is a universal feeling of the southern whites, and when we of the North analyze that feeling we are bound to accept and respect it.

We Northerners boast that we have no

ill-will for the Southerners; but we should consider that we have no reason to entertain any such feelings. We suffered no defeat. It is to the South that credit is due; it is the people of the lost cause that bear up under their burdens and solve their new problems; they are the heroic ones. The South has a problem, as gigantic a problem as a defeated people were ever set to solve. The North in their own, shall I say, clumsy way are trying to aid, but often hinder instead. The southern people are the only ones that truly understand the nature of the race question. Let the South work out its own problem; for we of the North can not realize the conditions of the question which has involved the South for almost a half century, hence we do not give the southern heroes full credit for what they have done and are still doing; hence, too, we are unable to assist them in a practical way.

While the South has a problem which is distinctly its own, there are other questions arising which are of vital interest to all Americans. The South must share in the solution of these broadly national problems, and they must do so without a suggestion of sectionalism; they must consider and act upon the questions, not because of any selfish or antagonistic feelings, but because the nation is deeply concerned in the solution.

Mr. Roosevelt's present trip can not change the southern view that the southern negro must be kept in an inferior caste by himself, but it may give fresh impetus to the abolishment of sectionalism. The President's praise for the men in gray, the North's respect for these heroes, the evident goodwill to all, are tokens that the South can not fail to appreciate. Facts such as these must be helpful in the cementing of the nation, and it is to be hoped that the reunion once so fairly started will now be completed.

—Do you ever send a copy of the SCHOLASTIC to any of your friends at home? Perhaps some less favored old school-fellow would be glad to read the well-written articles in our college journal. Just try sending an occasional number, and maybe you will find that others read the SCHOLASTIC with as much interest and profit as yourself.

Athletic Notes.

WABASH, 5; NOTRE DAME, 0.

It is awful to look at, but that was the score—Wabash, 5; Notre Dame, 0. Not only is it awful hard to look upon, but it is hard to have to tell it. How it happened no one knows. We gained ground, plenty of it, in fact nearly twice as much as did Wabash, yet they have the five points and we have none. It was only a week ago when "ye scribe" said: "We lost and professed to be good losers," and, of course, we can not say that again—but, something must be said.

For the first time in the history of our football we lost a game to Wabash, and though the score did not look like it, we should have won. Four times we were within their twenty-yard line, twice within the ten, and once within one foot of their goal, yet we lost. In the second half we gained over two hundred yards of ground, yet we did not score.

Funk, who played left half in place of Bracken, who was out of the game due to a bad knee, made several sensational runs, and many times looked good for a touch-down. Once in the second half he ran twenty yards, tearing through the whole team, but had the bad luck to fumble when within ten yards of the goal. Again he ran forty yards around right end and put the ball for the second time within striking distance of the goal. Then it was we came so near and yet so far away. Going out of bounds on his long run, the ball was brought in, and by straight bucks by Downs and Beacom, coupled with short end runs by Draper and Funk, the ball was carried to within a foot of Wabash's goal—and we could not cross it. All through the second half we out-played them, gaining five yards to their one, and playing them completely off their feet; but when the final yard counted Wabash was there, and stood like an iron fence, or a brick wall, or something equally unyielding.

Draper shared the honors with Funk on the long end runs and tore around their left wing for several sprints ranging from ten to twenty yards. B. Downs and Captain

Beacom also come in for their share, as they bucked the line for good gains. To Downs is in part due the credit for the end runs of Funk and Draper because of the interference he afforded them. The fault—for there must be one some place—can not be laid to anyone, it was simply a lack of all together and everybody helping everybody else. We did not play together. Our backs were alone, time after time; and when they had made good gains they were pushed back and lost the ground they had made. Lack of the "all-together push" is what defeated us.

Wabash has a wonderful little team, and the name "Little Giants" they surely deserve. We outweighed them, and even at times, as in the second half, outplayed them; but it has been many years since greater team work, better all-around football, has been seen at Notre Dame than the men from Wabash put up. Theirs was a case of every man in every play; their backs, while not any better than ours individually, played together as one man. When they came into the line they were together as one man until the play had stopped. Their line charged hard and fast, and charged together. Everything, plays around the end, plays through or even over the line, as when Harp would hurdle, it was always the same, every man in it and no one man on their team can be credited with the "star of the game." A team in the true meaning of the word is the best compliment that can be given them.

DETAIL OF THE GAME.

Captain Spaulding won the toss and Draper kicked off against a stiff wind. Miller received the kick and returned ten yards. Spaulding made two yards. Harp was held for no gain. Buser made first down off right tackle. Buser made three yards. Spaulding made it first down. Buser made two yards. Spaulding again made it first down over right tackle. Harp made one yard through centre. Wabash was then penalized five yards for an off-side play. Funk tackled Miller for a loss. Harp failed to gain. Miller punted to McAvoy, who returned ten yards. Downs made two yards. Draper circled left end for ten. Downs adds two more. A fumble lost three yards. Draper made first down. Beacom made two yards, and Downs four.

Draper made two; Funk made eight and first downs. Downs made five. Funk was held for no gain. Downs made one. Downs failed to make required distance, and the ball went over. Buser was held for no gain. Miller made ten on a quarter-back run. Funk tackled Buser for eight yards loss. Spaulding made two. Miller punted to McAvoy who was downed in his tracks. Draper made ten yards around right end. Silver fumbled, but recovered the ball. Downs made two yards and the ball went over. Spaulding bucked for two yards. Harp made first down off right tackle. Harp made one. Spaulding made it first down. Miller fumbled, but recovered the ball. Harp made two. Spaulding made it first down on a short run around right end. Harp hurdled for three yards. Buser made it first down off tackle. Spaulding cross bucked for three yards; Harp hurdled for two. Spaulding tried our left side but was held for no gain. Buser went three yards on a cross buck for the first score. Time, twenty-one minutes of play. Meyers missed goal. Score, Wabash, 5; Notre Dame, 0.

Miller kicked off to McAvoy who returned ten yards. Draper made six on a short end run. Downs made two. Beacom was held for no gain. Draper punted. Miller returned ten yards. Spaulding failed to gain. Harp gained a yard. Miller punted to Silver who was downed in his tracks. Beacom made six yards and repeated for four. Beacom again for two. Draper made first down. Funk was tackled for a loss. Ball went over on downs. Spaulding hurdled for three. Harp made ten yards on a buck off tackle. Harp was held for no gain. The half ended with the ball in Wabash's possession in the middle of the field.

SECOND HALF.

Miller kicked off, the ball going over the line and touched back by Funk. Draper punted out from the twenty-five yard line to Miller who returned fifteen yards. McAvoy tackled Miller for a ten-yard loss on an attempted quarter-back run. Spaulding gained one yard on a straight buck. Miller punted to Silver who was downed for no gain. Downs made six yards on a straight buck. Beacom added six. Silver lost five on a quarter-back run. Draper made four. The ball went over.

Spaulding was held for no gain. Harp failed to gain. Miller kicked to McAvoy who fumbled, but Donovan fell on the ball. Downs made six yards, Draper three; Beacom made first down. Funk circled left end for six yards. Downs bucked for twelve; Funk added ten more. Downs made three yards; Beacom three. Downs made first down. Funk got away for a twenty-yard run, but fumbled when tackled; Spaulding failed to gain. Harp made one yard. Miller punted to Silver. Downs made three yards. Notre Dame was then penalized for an offside play. Funk ran thirty-five yards, going out of bounds. Funk bucked for four, putting the ball on the five-yard line. Downs made three; Draper made one. Funk failed to gain on an end run and the ball went over. Spaulding made six yards; Harp made one. Spaulding hurdled for three. Buser made five on a straight buck. Spaulding failed to gain. Harp made a yard. Miller kicked to Silver who returned ten yards. A double pass from Draper to McAvoy lost eight yards. Draper made five yards. Draper punted to Miller who was tackled for no gain. Spaulding hurdled for four. Buser made it first down. The game ended with the ball on Notre Dame's forty-five yard line:

Wabash	Line-Up.	Notre Dame
Trurip	R. E.	McAvoy
Williams	R. T.	M. Downs
Southerland	R. G.	Donovan
Hess	C.	Sheehan
Kaudson	L. G.	Beacom
Gipe	L. T.	Munson
Meyers	L. E.	Callicrate
Miller	Q. B.	Silver
Buser	R. H.	Draper
Spaulding	L. H.	Funk
Harp	F. B.	Downs

Touchdown—Buser. Linesmen—McNerny, Hellz and Studebaker. Timers—Cosgrove, Klupman. Umpire—Kealtzell. Referee—Talcott. Time of halves 30 and 25 minutes.

* *

On Tuesday evening Graduate-Manager McGlew held a meeting in his office for the purpose of organizing athletic associations in the various halls. Appointed by the faculty board to represent their respective halls were: Collier from St. Joe, Williams from Carroll, Donovan from Brownson, McCarthy from Corby; and as no one had been appointed from Sorin, Bracken repre-

sented them in behalf of the SCHOLASTIC; the object of the meeting being to revive the old inter-hall spirit as in the days long since gone by when a member of a hall team, be it whatever it may, was respected as is the Varsity man of to-day; and to bring out and develop men in all branches of athletics. The Varsity men of to-day are, with few exceptions, athletes, graduates from some one of the hall-teams. And the same rule is bound to hold good for future Varsity men.

Athletics have fallen away at Notre Dame in the past two years, but under McGlew they are taking a decided brace, and give promise, if only the student body will aid him; of once more putting Notre Dame in her proper place in the athletic firmament. There was a time when our football, baseball and track teams stood alone in the state of Indiana, and now not only in this state do we want respect but in the whole country, and there is no reason why we should not have it. But to obtain that we must have the aid of everyone in the school, and that is what McGlew is asking.

In the first week in December Manager McGlew intends to run off an inter-hall track meet. The great meet of last year, which Sorin succeeded in winning only after the hardest kind of a fight, is still fresh in the memory; and that is what we need and will have again this year. Due to McGlew's untiring energy and push, he has secured a donation of a banner for the winning team. Prizes will be awarded to firsts, seconds and thirds, the points counting as in any meet, five, three and one respectively. Then a "prep" track team will be organized, and meets arranged with the leading high schools of the state.

The decision of the board in regard to monogram men will be made known in the SCHOLASTIC in due time. The meet will be a handicap affair, the handicaps being arranged by a competent handicapper. The date set is in the first week in December, giving all an equal chance to train. The various halls can get their men out, have their tryouts, and all can be in shape and ready for the meet when it comes.

Now everyone help. Push the matter along in your hall. Come out yourself; do not look for some one else to do it. Come out, everybody.

R. L. B.

Personals.

—In the *Elkhart Truth* we read the glad news that Mr. Robert E. Proctor (Law '04) has been nominated for City Judge of that municipality. The SCHOLASTIC echoes the sentiments of the many friends whose goodwill he obtained during his student days at Notre Dame in wishing Mr. Proctor all success in his candidacy.

—We are informed by Col. Wm. Hoynes of the Law Department that he recently received word from two of his former students, Francis J. Loughran of Joliet, and Daniel L. Murphy of Odell, Ill., both graduates of the law course last year, to the effect that they had successfully passed the Illinois Bar Examination. Dean Hoynes was greatly pleased at the showing of his pupils, for they reflect great credit not only on themselves, but also give eloquent testimony of the efficiency of Notre Dame's Law Department. Messrs. Loughran and Murphy have the sincere wishes of all their former schoolmates for the success of a career so auspiciously begun.

—VISITORS' REGISTRY:—Revs. M. J. Sheehan, Thomas A. Galvin, Frank X. Bader, North East, Pa.; Mr. Joseph A. Kernan, New York City; Ernesto R. Quirino, P. B. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. W. Barsalon, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Washburn, Mrs. B. Sharps, Miss F. Lillian Sharps, Mrs. Edward B. McMorran, Miss Viola McKenna, Miss Margaret Moore, Chicago; Miss Mildred Leffert, Miss Mae Dawe, South Bend, Ind.; Mr. Edward J. Peil, Racine, Wis.; Mr. K. O. Holden, Miss Margeret Holden, Traverse City, Mich.; Mr. Thos. Byrne, Miss M. Byrne, Lake Forest, Ill.; James P. Lannon, Odell, Ill.; Miss Mary C. Henderson, Hartford, Michigan; Mrs. H. N. Roberts, Wilmington, Illinois; Mrs. Y. Agar, Kalamazoo, Michigan; Mr. Frank, Conlon, Grand Rapids, Michigan; Loretta Schielbutt, Mishawaka, Indiana; Miss Elmina Hudson, Columbus, Miss.; Miss Laurina Jones, Allegan, Mich.; Miss Marguerite Keefe, Sioux City, Ia.; Miss Agnes Moloney, Youngstown, Ohio; Albert O'Connell, Ashby, Ind.; Miss Florence Carroll, New Lebanon, New York; Frank Youngeman, August Youngeman, Des Moines, Ia.; Miss Louise G. McMorran, Jefferson, Ohio.

Organization of Courts.

The University courts were this week organized for the current academic year. The regular terms will begin in November and continue regularly month by month until May. In view of the evident eagerness to commence court work, several statements of facts have already been given out, and the preparation of pleadings based upon them is satisfactorily proceeding. The great majority of cases, both civil and criminal, are necessarily tried in the moot-court, which corresponds to the ordinary circuit courts in the several States. The pleadings are filed with the clerk, and the prescribed rules of practice must be strictly followed. The attendance of all law students at the trials is obligatory. The sessions are to commence at 4.30 o'clock p. m. on Saturdays and continue uninterruptedly for two hours. Should the case on trial not then be finished, it may be resumed at 7.45 o'clock and proceed to the verdict or judgment. Otherwise the evening may be devoted to the exercises of the Law Debating Society. It is necessary that in the conduct of trials in the moot-court there should be greater speed than is customary in the circuit courts of the several States. On the whole, however, this is fortunate, for it tends to hold the attention and present for adjudication to the court a much larger number of questions than arise within the corresponding time in actual trials. In fact, a trial in the regular courts often becomes tedious and takes more days than it would require hours in the moot-court. In view of this fact, the educational advantage to be derived from attending trials in the University courts must be self-evident. It is the aim of the authorities of the University to have the law graduates of Notre Dame sufficiently equipped with legal knowledge, practically as well as theoretically, to enable them not only to meet successfully the severest test of bar examinations, but also to engage at once in the practice of the profession, if they be so minded, and all of them that work conscientiously and perform faithfully their prescribed duties can confidently count upon realizing this exceptional advantage. Fol-

lowing are the different University courts, as now organized:

MOOT COURT.

Hon. William Hoynes, Judge; Clerk, Francis J. Hanzel; Assistant Clerk, James V. Cunningham; Prosecuting Attorney, Walter J. McInerny; Assistant Prosecuting Attorney, Gallitzin A. Farabaugh; Referee, Clayton C. Golden; Referee's Clerk, Ambrose O'Connell; Sheriff, Roscoe P. Hurst; Deputy Sheriff, Michael J. Diskin; Coroner, Richard W. Donovan; Deputy Coroner, Oscar A. Fox; Jury Commissioners, Walter L. Joyce and Thomas Paul McGannon; Recorder, Ernest M. Morris; Notary Public, Daniel L. Madden; Reporters, Stephen F. Riordan and Terence B. Cosgrove.

COURT OF CHANCERY.

Hon. William Hoynes, Chancellor; Clerk, Francis A. McCarthy; Assistant Clerk, John Michael Quinlan; Master-in-Chancery, William E. Perce; Clerk in Master's office, Michael J. McGuinness; Bailiff, Palmer McIntyre; Reporters, Robert Bracken and John F. Brogan.

SUPREME COURT.

Hon. Timothy E. Howard, Chief Justice; Clerk, Thomas M. Harris, Assistant Clerk, Howard Davis; Bailiff, Leroy Keach; Reporter, Jose Eduardo Valdes, assisted by Patrick M. Malloy.

JUSTICE'S COURT.

Justice of the Peace, Albert J. Oberst; Clerk, Ralph Feig; Constables, Frank Pryor and Francis L. Schenners.

UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT.

Hon. Andrew Anderson, Judge; Clerk, Ralph C. Madden; Assistant Clerk, Rupert D. Donovan; United States District Attorney, Thomas F. Healy; Assistant United States District Attorney, Frank L. Dupen; United States Marshal, Lawrence McNerney; Assistant United States Marshal, George W. Springer; Reporter, M. J. Brown, assisted by Frank E. Munson.

COMMISSIONER'S COURT.

United States Commissioner, Edward H. Schwab; Clerk, John H. Rogers; Deputy United States Marshal, Lawrence A. Hart.

Local Items.

—Wanted at Printing Office—A good Samaritan who will kindly remove awnings.

—Lost—Ten dollars in currency. Return to the Rector of Corby Hall, and receive reward.

—A unique advertising feature was witnessed by many Notre Dame students Tuesday afternoon when the twenty-mule team of the Pacific Borax Co. hauling borax out of Death's Valley drove around the grounds.

—The Philopatrians held a very interesting meeting last Wednesday evening, October 25. The recitations by Warren, McGreevy, Riley and Frossard were much enjoyed, and the musical selections rendered by J. Gallart, Connor, McDermott and Stout were very good.

—The old farm house, which was the first brick building erected at Notre Dame, serving as living house for the community and as college for the first students, is undergoing some repairs to make it serviceable as a repository for relics relating to the beginnings of the University.

—St. Joseph's Lake, which is thought to be one of the prettiest inland lakes in the country, is now doubly beautiful, owing to the October frosts, which have made many-hued the wooded shores. At the extreme west end of the lake there is an island on which there is a growth of small trees whose gorgeous coloring is a veritable dream of loveliness.

—Bro. John Chrysostom is building a new bee house to replace the octagonal one, which is fast going to ruin. The new house will be the same size and shape as the old one, and will be located a few rods farther east. This year's yield of honey—owing to wet weather—was a little more than one-half the amount of last year: about a thousand pounds.

—"Sherlock Holmes Outdone," or The Return of the Stolen Clock, is the title of a new detective story recently published by one of the Literary Sorinites. The striking effect in the plot are produced by the introduction of psychological phenomena which enabled the hero to recognize the venerable horologue when even its face was changed beyond a recognition.

—Brother Bonaventure, C. S. C., the genial regulator in the music hall, was taken sick suddenly last Monday and had to be carried to the infirmary. At first alarming reports were circulated about his condition, but later better news was received, and now the good Brother is steadily improving. His

many friends among the students hope his recovery will be complete and speedy.

—The first meeting of the Junior class took place Saturday night in the Sorin Hall reading-room. The meeting was for the purpose of organization, the following officers being elected for the ensuing year: E. O'Flynn, President; W. A. Draper, Vice-President; A. O'Connell, Secretary; A. J. Dwan, Treasurer; J. Leo Coontz, Sergeant-at-Arms; J. W. Wadden, Class Historian; F. Collier, Orator; J. D. Jordan, Class Poet.

—There was a time when no steeple could be thought of without its cock and without its clock. At Notre Dame, the graceful steeple is surmounted by no cock; in its place stands a golden cross, our mentor's motto. As for the clock, it has been recently raised up to a higher point, nearer to the cross. The young philosopher who observes this improvement may easily grasp the thought beneath the bare material fact: those who look for the time are henceforth enabled to catch a glimpse of the cross—Time and Eternity meet there.

—If Flora deserts our parks, Apollo, at least, bestows upon Notre Dame University Band his choicest favors. When two months ago the youthful artists began their tooting, never before had Notre Dame heard such hubbub. Now, thanks to the good-will of the young musicians, and above all to the untiring patience of their kindly teacher, harmonious sounds gladden the casual passer-by on Monday and Thursdays. For this everyone in the band must be felicitated, but it must be confessed that particular congratulations are due to the player of the wholesome piccolo whom Euterpe has taken under her especial protection.

—A special meeting of the class of '06 was called last Tuesday night for the purpose of expelling Mr. Thomas Knocker from the class. Knocker's offence consists in producing these atrocious "Limericks."

There was a young lady, Miss Lilly,
Whom everyone said to be silly,
On the hills she would dote,
And make love to a goat,
Oh, poor unfortunate Billy.

There came from the city Sudan,
A strange and wonderful man,
A wart on his nose,
He scratched with his toes,
And to save his shoe-leather he ran.

—The students of St. Joseph's Hall always display a great amount of intellectual activity. Having less time than the majority of the other students, they nevertheless achieve excellent results in their special lines of study. Besides carrying the regular classes of their course, they have a literary and debating society which holds weekly meetings. From the experience gained in

this club, many clever debaters have been turned out—a number of whom were, in the past, successful competitors for the University debating teams. The names of Corley, Kenny, Sullivan, Griffin and Lyons will be long remembered at Notre Dame. Such students as these were all the glory of their *Alma Mater*. May she have many more like them!

—A hurried summons; a post-haste departure; a false alarm. What do History and Economic men know about power houses, anyway?

—Workmen are busily engaged removing the flowers and plants that make the campus so beautiful in summer;—a sure sign that Kahihouakka has left his tent and is fleeing southward.

—Once more the soft strains of music will cheer up the haunts of homesick Sorinites. The committee appointed for the selection of a piano got busy right away, and yesterday it was installed with due ceremonies.

—Do you know that Father Trahey has published a new book—"The Brothers of Holy Cross"? A few advanced copies were loaned to some of the students, who found the book very interesting, one reading it a second time. Copies are now for sale in the stationery store. Price twenty-five cents.

—A meeting of the Brownson Hall students, due to the efforts of Brother Alphonsus and Mr. Farabaugh was held in the Columbian Room, Thursday evening, Oct. 19, for the purpose of organizing a Brownson literary and debating society. Mr. Farabaugh, the Director, spoke on the benefits and advantages to be derived from such an organization and also mentioned a number of men who, starting in the St. Joe Hall society, proved to be among the best debaters and orators in the state. The students are enthusiastic, and responded to Mr. Farabaugh's call for members in large numbers, and if all continue with the society it is thought another will soon be needed.

A second meeting was held Thursday evening, and the following officers were elected: G. Springer, President; F. Siegler, Vice-President; G. A. Williams, Secretary; H. Young, Treasurer. F. Siegler took the chair owing to the absence of the President elect. The following honorary officers and members were elected: Father Cavanaugh, Honorary President; Bro. Alphonsus, Honorary Vice-President; G. Farabaugh, Director and Critic; Father Crumley, Spiritual Director, and Father Regan and Brothers Hugh, Aidan and Joseph as members.

—The Senior Parliamentary Law class has been the scene of some very interesting discussions the past few Wednesdays. When the class organized for the ensuing year, a

motion to resolve it into a Senate met with the common approval of the members. The functions of this Senate are analogous to those of the United States Senate. Each member represents a certain State, and it is his duty to investigate the political conditions and look after the general welfare of that state in particular. In order that the "senators" may be better acquainted with the conditions of their sections each one as far as possible represents his native state. Standing committees have been appointed to investigate the advisability of passing or rejecting Senate Bills coming within their scope. The bills introduced will be to a large extent those discussed in the United States Senate, so that none but live questions will be debated. The Junior assembly followed suit, and in turn resolved itself into a House of Representatives. The advantages of this system of Parliamentary Law are many, for it is in the Senate and in the House that parliamentary rules are practised in their fullness, and Professor Reno has so arranged that every rule will be brought into play at some time or other.

—NOT A FABLE.—At that time there flourished not far from a certain college a vineyard whose fruit was exceedingly luscious. And it came to pass that two seniors hearing of this, set out on a journey to the place that they might taste of its fruits. When they had come unto the vineyard they found it surrounded by a fence which in the language of that country is called barbed-wire. They climbed over the barrier and set upon the fruit. But alas, they soon found that they had come a trifle too late to obtain the best of the vine, for the reapers had been there before them. But nothing daunted, they made the best of it, and followed after the vintners' servants even as did Ruth in the days of old. When they had partaken of as much as they could obtain, they bethought themselves that they must needs return to their own land immediately, or the darkness of the night would overtake them. They left the field as they had entered it; that is, over the fence. But alack! as the foremost one was going over the fence he caught his clothing on one of the barbs. Not knowing this he continued in his climb and as a consequence left a portion of his apparel on the fence. It was very evident to the members of the party that they must wait till the now friendly cloak of darkness would hide them before they could continue their homeward journey. Soon the earth was wrapped in slumber, and after they had improvised a dress out of the unfortunate one's remaining garments the party stealthily crept to their home, lacking enthusiasm and some of their clothing. Moral:—Always use the gate.